



CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

THESE great *Giants*, every day,
when they hear the clock strike
one, come down to dinner.

Unruly apprentices of the city are
often brought before them, and made
to beg pardon on their marrow-bones;
and are always obliged to promise to
be good, before they let them go home
again.

T H E
H O U S E
T H A T
J A C K B U I L T.

A Diverting STORY for
CHILDREN of all AGES.
To which is added,
Some Account of *JACK FINGLE*;

S H E W I N G
By what Means he acquired his Learning, and
in Consequence thereof got Rich, and Built
himself a House.

W I T H
A COLLECTION of RIDDLES written by Him.
T H E W H O L E
Adorned with Variety of Cuts by *Master Collett*.
A N D

Set forth at large for the Benefit of those,
*Who from being quite destitute, friendless, and poor,
Would have a fine House, and a Coach at the Door.*

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co.
at No. 4. Aldermary Church Yard, in Bow Lane.

[Price ONE-PENNY Bound and C. It.]

Johns & Co
The Book

Price 3 pence



This is the House that *Jack* built.



This is the Malt that layin the House
 at *Jack* built. This



This is the Rat that eat the Malt,
that lay in the House that *Jack* built.



This is the Cat, that killed the Rat,
that eat the Malt, that lay in the House
that *Jack* built.



This is the Dog, that worried the Cat,
that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt,
that lay in the House that *Jack* built.



This is the Cow with the crumpled

8 *The House that JACK built.*

Horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that *Jack* built.



This is the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that *Jack* built.

This



This is the Man all tattered and
torn, that kissed the Maiden all for-
lorn, that milked the Cow with the
crumpled Horn, that tossed the Dog,
that worried the Cat, that killed the
Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the
House that *Jack* built.



This is the Priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, unto the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that *Jack* built.



This is the Cock that crowed in
the Morn, that waked the Priest all
shaven and shorn, that married the
Man all tattered and torn, that kiss-
ed the Maiden all forlorn, that
milked the Cow with the crumpled
Horn, that tossed the Dog, that wor-
ried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that
eat the Malt, that lay in the House that
Jack built.

Some?

Some Account of JACK JINGLE, shewing by what Mean he acquired his Learning, and in Consequence thereof got Money enough to build him a House, which is to this Day called by the Country People The HOUSE that JACK built.

WHO does not know old Gaffer Jingle? Or what is yet more, who has not heard of his son Jack? Well, I never saw such a good boy as he was, all the neighbours say, It gave them pleasure to see him, he was so industrious at work, so fond of his book, so dutiful to his parents, and so desirous of making every body happy, that there could not be a better example for any children, whether rich or poor. His father used to work for Sir Luke Lovell, he was very poor, and would have been still poorer, had it not been for Sir Luke, and a very good gentleman he was too; so benevolent and charitable to the poor, that the whole village rung with his praise:

This

This was being a gentleman; had but our gentry at this time more compassion for the poor, we should not see so many shocking spectacles as we do in all parts of this great kingdom. But what, says the reader, can occasion all this? Do you intend this for children, Mr. Marshall? Why, do you suppose this comes from Mr. Marshall's, Sir? This must be from another hand, this is not giving us the story you promised. It is not, to be sure, it is intended as a preparatory discourse or introduction to it; this, Sir, is not meant of these children, but those of a greater magnitude, do not mistake me now, I mean children six feet high, and of which sort there are too many already in this great kingdom; but I will return to my story, I perceive you are quite out of patience, and think I have already said too much, for, as a book which I lately wrote, and which you may one day see, says;

*To strive in words, which men of words
despise,
Such as speak much, are seldom truly wise*

Neither will it be great wisdom in me to talk at this rate much longer, and so I shall continue my story.

Well, as I told you just now, Gaffer *Jingle* worked for Sir *Luke Lovell*; very good, he did so. See, there again now, you have put me out. However, as I was telling you, Gaffer *Jingle* worked for Sir *Luke*, and as the knight was continually helping him, so *Jack's* father used to make such little acknowledgements as came within the limits of his income; it was on this occasion *Jack* was called by his father to carry a fine fish Gaffer *Jingle* had caught, as a testimony of his gratitude to Sir *Luke*; for you must not think because *Jack's* father was poor that he could not catch fish, at least it is the way for you, as the proverb says, (*To catch no fish*) if you think so. Well, as I told you before, *Jack* was to carry this fish to Sir *Luke*, accordingly he received his orders, and having put the fish in a basket, set out for Sir *Luke's*: when he came to the house, he

went

went in and delivered his present, the servant who received it gave him three halfpence, and what is still better, a nice plum-cake, (for you must know he loved *Jack*, because he was a *Good Boy* and learned his *Book*.) *Jack* returned thanks to the servant, and having secured his cake, went out of the courtyard, and was just got to the gate, when who should be there but Sir *Luke* himself, taking a walk under a row of trees that grew on one side of his house; much unlike our great folk now-a-days, who lie in bed till one third of the day is over. It used to be a saying of Sir *Luke's*, (and a very good one too, let me tell you) That, *We should rise with the Lark, and lie down with the Lamb*. Well, says the knight, how is your father? *Jack* replied, very well, and thank your Worship, (for you must observe he was a Justice of the Peace,) he then repeated his message to Sir *Luke*, who desired he would thank his father, and giving him a shilling, went in to breakfast.

Jack

Jack, who had never seen so much money before in his life, was quite overjoyed at the sight, and ran away crying as loud as he could, *A Shilling! a Penny! a Halfpenny! and a Plum-Cake! Huzza!* And in this manner he continued to run and repeat the words before-mentioned, till he came to his father's cottage. The neighbours came out to see what was the matter, and the children after them. *Jack* sat himself down on the settle at the door, and calling the children about him, divided the cake among them; for he would part with any thing.

The next morning, as soon as *Jack* got up, he began to think what he should do with all this money; he thought of an hundred things, but none seemed so practicable as the following; if (says he) I buy some fowls, they to be sure will lay eggs, and those eggs with care will bring chickens; well, then, I shall carry those chickens to market, and with my money buy something else. So said, so done; away runs *Jack* to consult his father;
(for

(for as I said in the beginning of my story, he was very dutiful) who not only agreed to his proposal, but bought the fowls for him that very day; and it is with pleasure I can acquaint my readers he so well improved his little stock, that in a short time he sold his fowls and bought a lamb, which he called *Liddy*, and a pretty creature she was too, pray look at her.



Liddy the Lamb grew very fond of *Jack*, insomuch, that it was as common to see them together, as to see *Gaffer Gubbins* go to water his horses. Now you must know one day *Jack* was sent to *Sr Luke's* on an errand; I suppose I need not tell you that *Liddy the Lamb* went with him.

The

The knight asked how he came by it, and he told him, which made Sir *Luke* laugh heartily, as he little thought to have seen his shilling so well improved.

From this time Sir *Luke* grew very fond of *Jack*, and often sent for him to his house.

One day in particular, the gardiner had, by order of his Lady, brought out the parrot to hang in the garden, and as *Jack* and he were busied in talking and looking at the flowers, on a sudden the parrot calls *Robin! Robin! Ise ride, Robin!* which made them look up, when behold! a great kite had got poor *Poll*, as she sat on the top of her cage; but she soon changed her note when she felt the kite's feet, and called still louder, *Robin! how he pinches! Robin! how he pinches!* which frightened the kite so, that he let her fall.

Jack was now almost every day at the knight's, who seeing him a *Good Boy*, sent him to school, where he behaved so well, that he gained the love both of his master

The History of JACK JINGLE. 19
Master and School-fellows. Sir Luke also
gave him a good estate ; on which he
built a house, which to this day is
called, *The House that Jack built.*

And so well did he manage his estate,
that in a short time he kept his Coach.



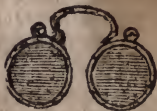
He is said to have wrote several books,
none of which are as yet come to hand,
but a *Collection of Riddles*, written by
him when at school, for the amusement
of his playmates. The Cuts were de-
signed by Master *Charles Collett*, one of
his school-fellows ; and here they are
for your inspection.

*Remember to. put this in your Book-Case,
and not rub the gold off the Covers.*



MY body is small,
 And I'm pretty withal,
 In abundance of wit I abound;
 I'm Riddle all o'er,
 Behind and before,
 And you need not look far but I'm found.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.



Without a bridle or a saddle,
 A cross a thing I ride a-straddle.

And those I ride, by help of me,
Tho' almost blind, are made to see.

A PAIR OF STAYS.



MY legs, I can venture to say with-
in bound,
Are twelve, if not more, tho' they ne'er
touch the ground,
If you search for my eyes more than
thirty you'll find,
And, strange to be told, they're always
behind:
The food that my kind benefactress
bestows,
I receive at my eyes, as very one knows.
The

22 *The Child's New Year's Gift;*

The provision I take never hinders my
fight,
I receive it at morn and discharge it a
night.

A WATCH.



MY form is pretty to allure the sight
My habit gay of colour gold and
white ;

When ladies take the air it is my pride
To walk with equal paces by their side
And near their persons constantly remain
A favorite slave bound in a golden chain
And tho' I can both speak and go alone
Yet are my motions to myself unknown

A SA

A SALAMANDER.



WHat all consumes best pleases me
I covet that which others flee,
Strange things to tell, unhurt I lie,
And live where all the world would die.

A WHEEL-BARROW.



NO mouth, no eyes, nor yet a nose,
Two arms, two feet, and as it goes

24 *The Child's New Year's Gift*;
The feet don't touch the ground,
But all the way the head runs round.

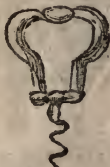
The LETTER M.



I'M found in most countries, yet none
in earth or sea,
I am in all timber, yet not in any tree;
I am in all metals, yet, I am told,
I am not in lead, iron, brass, silver or gold.
I am not in *England*, yet this I can say,
I'm to be found in *Westminster* every day.
I am not in thought, yet ne'er out of mind,
And in every moment you may me find.

A CORK.

A CORK-SCREW.



TH^O' I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free,
And when I have them by the pole,
I drag them upwards from their hole,
Tho' some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind:
Like polish'd steel I oft appear,
The drooping soul I help to cheer,
Tho' in myself nor drink nor food,
Yet of great service when improv'd.

A PAIR

A PAIR OF BELLOWS.



I Have no eyes, and yet my nose is long,
I have no mouth, and yet my breath
is strong, [wind,
When guts do grumble and I must break
I always do't before and not behind.

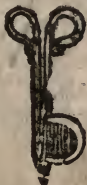
A GRASS-HOPPER.



THO' small my size,
I've body, legs and head ;

In summer living,
But in winter dead;
My drefs is green,
And when I firft appear,
It does foretel,
That summer draweth near,
Void of all care,
Of bufinefs, or of strife,
I lead an humble,
Harmlefs, country life.

A PAIR of SNUFFERS.



A Mouth I have got that's not whiter
than ink,
And all I devour doth most nauseoufly
stink, So

So much valu'd am I that by none I'm
 refus'd,
 And the light shines the better when-
 e'er I am us'd.

A PAPER KITE.



MY body is thin,
 And has no guts within,
 I have neither head,
 Face, nor an eye;
 But a tail I have got,
 As long as—what not,
 And without any wings
 I can fly.

A P I N.



AND tho' I'm a brazen fac'd sharper
at best,
No lady without me can ever be drest;
When wanted I'm dragg'd by the head
to my duty,
And am doom'd to be slave to the drefs
of a beauty.

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